the nerves," is spoken of in our society with a smile.

The glare of the electric light from the Chandni Chowk now reflects on the grave El Malika Raziyah, motor-cars screech through the defences of Prithiraj, a nineteenth-century engineering triumph spans the waters which once bore away on their zephyrs the sighs of Sunjogta, which cooled the hot blood currents of Ala~o-Din.

But which generation has most truly lived ?